

Possart's Shylock Is Shakespeare Brought Down to Earth.



like fingers to

snatch the precious

bond; he whete his knife savagely on

the sole of his shoe; he springs forward

with a wolfish

gleam in his eyes to

The knife is quiver-

ing above Antonio's

breast when Portia

halts the Jew with word. The rest the scene is

played with the

knife occupying the

centre of the stage.

Shylock's hand it

buries its point in

It's all over but

ow Antonio's joy-

al friends did

whoop it up for him last night! Their

shouts emphasized

Shylock's silence. Possart's Jew is a

so broken that he

cannot walk alone.

This is the only moment when you feel the slightest

sympathy for him. Although he touches

stavs.

his victim.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

DRMANS are giving their greatest actor, Ernst von Possart, an enthusiastic welcome at the Irving Place Theatre, where the distinguished visitor is crowding the house at Bernhardt prices.

Last night Herr von Possart appeared in "The Merchant of Venice." His Shylock is Shakespeare brought down to earth. In seeing this production you may have a few time-honored Illusions destroyed, for it is no full of realism that there is little poetry left. But you will have at least one full-sized, ableodied thrill, and that's something you don't get very often in home-made proictions which treat Shakespeare with such reverence that there's hardly any cal life left in them. Although these German actors take Shakespeare very sturally they make the trial scene unusually dramatic. It is here that they get rprisingly good results.

at our actors so often love to read into the part. The Shylock that he brings to the trial scene is a common, sordid mixture of greed, hatred and revenge. He



Ernst von Possart as Shylock.

Gertrude de Lalsky as Portia. ham, the Rialto seems more to him than his religion. To a decided Yiddish accent Possart adds gestures ordinarily used here for comedy purposes only. But his clawing fingers and his relentless eye keep this Shylock from being funny.

n, whom we know as a haughty, self-important grandee, was played as a comedy character by a tall young man in a blond wig who acted like a conceited are. The youth who played Launcelot Gobbo rattled away at a crazy pace with little regard for the simple humor of the part. Miss Gertrude de Lalsky was not Iways successful in giving Portia charm and warmth, but her acting in the trial sene was intelligent, and effective. Antonio was completely overcome by emo ion when the decision went against him, but he bore up as Shylock went down

He is always sinister, in a mean, ugly way. From first to last Possart is a

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

Love and Gossip.



OUNG people, do not gossip. And do not listen to gossip. Few things cause more trouble than listening to "what he said about you" or "I heard her telling me one thus and so about Mary."

The foundation of love or liking is trust. If you cannot trust a person do not profess friendship for him or her, and if you do give your trust refuse to listen to the unkind things other people may have to say about the object of that trust. In any case you should like people for what they are to you. If they are toyal to you it is not your place to question their loyalty to others.

My dears, there is an old fashloned rule (but it is nevertheless a very good one) our grandmothers used to say:

"If you have not something kind to say about a person do not say anything

Just remember, boys and girls, do not gossip,

Loves Her.

YOUNG man who signs his letter "B. S." writes: "I have been calling frequently upon a young lady and I have fallen in love with her. She is a very nice girl in every way, with the exception of one fault. She drinks intoxicating liquors. And I do not approve of this. What shall I do?"

Explain kindly to the young lady why you do not approve of the habit, and sk her if she does not think enough of you to give it up.

Not Attentive.

GIRL who signs her letter "V. A." writes: "A man I know has told me

tion to me. In fact, he is more attentive to another girl. This makes me ret and she would become very invery sad. What shall I do?" Treat the young man indifferently,

and do not feel that you should acapt his attentions unless he is will- call upon a girl who was frequently ing to confine them to you.

Another Girl.

GIRL who signs her letter "M.

P." writes: "I am in love with a young man and engaged to marry him. used to call steadily upon another girl before he was engaged to me. Then he apparently gave her up, but recently he has been calling upon her again. Is this right?"

Have a plain talk with the young man about the other girl and find out exactly how he feels. If he cares more for her than he does for you it is better for you to find it out at once.

A Bad Temper.

A YOUNG man who signs his let-"I like a girl very much, but

he loves me, and I told him I loved she has a terrible temper. For that him But he does not pay much atten- reason I have ceased to call, because when I did we would frequently quarsulting. Was it not wise for me to

cease my attentions?" I surely think it better to cense to

Gleaned From Here and There.

HERE are over 170,000,000 acres under wheat cultivation in the world.

China is spending \$200,000,000 on the rehabilitation of her army and navy. The game of billiards was introduced into England at the close of the six-

It is estimated that over one thousand aeroplanes are being built in England

An Ohio man in a fit of anger because his shotgun did not go off when he aimed it at a squirrel threw it against a barn door, thus causing the weapon

The Rothschilds smoke the most costly cigars that are made, which is much more difficult than a little walk through marsh and quick-antness and peace.

So good, for good is good to do—and for whose eyes are luminous and tender and birg type.

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The New Plays Oh, You Ophelia! -- By Clare Victor Dwiggins



The High Cost of Living The Investigation Committee By Will B. Johnstone



Give and Take " "Do Good, for Good " By Ethelyn Huston

A STATE OF THE STA

Copright, 1910, by The Press Publishing Co. To "do good, for good is good to do." | Who profit rarely heed or remember. | acid test on each day's record. It will

ter.

We need to get away from fear. That
is, to buy future safety by present philanthropy. That also is barter. We need
to good as the day comes and passes, It is the laying, brick, of a

And at this is not easy. Much of it is due your are at peace with your own.
Life's violent coloring attracts less, soul As you have builded in little things and the thought turns from noonlay hurring, medicine or food, at the botlet us also is barter. We need
doing the right thing quietly, steadily.

Let us also is barter. We need
doing the right thing quietly, steadily.

Let us start at the beginning. On any pour humble stiffness of desert sands—to the hush
to do good as the day comes and passes. It is the laying, brick by brick, of a brick path has led you to ways of pleas—
and peace and mystery that thrill with
in the morning. Arsene Lupin, surprised
as the crypt will be empty, the whole

O good, for good is good to not at all pyrotechnic. It means being your little helpfulnesses and kowtow and that its raucous voice has praised. do," wrote Burton, gypsy, broad as life and pitiful as death. It open-mouthed to plaster and stucco And, seeing this, you will soon learn to wanderer, poet. "Scorn bribe means a generosity of mind, which is sham. They will use your little path care as little for its valuation as for its

many. We need to be simple—to do something helpful or kindly, for which the old woman, Fear, has left your fear as you are tree or nysterical and good for good's sake. We need to get one will receive little credit, less thanks, breast. You have not sold yourself to altation. You have chosen the wiser sham gots and false idois. You have part—and the rechingeness of quiettde is how same it that Lupin, mortally wounded, one will receive little part bought, sinceresly, already yours.

The first riddle that controlled me, a ception—through this very fact, the how same it that Lupin, mortally wounded, one mile it is not easy. Much of it is done your little part bought, sinceresly, already yours.

Life's violent coloring attracts less, live for five or six weeks without it is necessary to compel a certainty. away from the idea of reward either and no reward. sham gods and false idea. You have part—and the re here or in a life to come. That is har- And all this is not easy. Much of it is done your little part house thy, sinceredly, already yours.

Another ARSENE W W S LUPIN Story "The Hollow Needle" By Maurice Leblanc

(Copyright, 1910, by Maurice Lebianc.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEINING CHAITERS. The scrat pountry house of the Count de Gearge, in Normandy, France, is entered by intralase. The Ownt's daughter, Susanne, and ids niese, in Normandy, France, is entered by intralase. The Ownt's daughter, Susanne, and ids niese, Interest and the state of t

CHAPTER IV.

is one of those blows which a man must expect when he rushes headlong into the fray as you did. The worst disasters lie in wait for him. Lupin, with a few movements she binds. The destiny of fighters will have it up the wound with his handkerchief, to so. We must suffer it as bravely avoid the marks which the blood would be a world the marks which the aid of the key. as we can." Then, with a sort of gentleness, he continued: "You were right, you see: we are not enemies, I have known it for long. From the very right, you see: we are not enemies. I have known it for long. From the very first I felt for you, for the intolligent creature that you are, an involuntary sympathy-and admiration. And that is why I wanted to say this to you-don't be offended whatever you do: I should be extremely sorry to offend you-but I must say it: well, give up struggling against me. I am not saying this out of vanity-nor because I despise youbut, you see, the struggle is too unequal. You do not know-nobody knows-all the resources which I have at my command. Look here, this secret of the Hollow Needle which you are trying so vainly to unravel; suppose for a moment that it is a formidable, inexhaustible treasure-or else an invisible, prodigious, fantastic refuge-or both, perhaps Think of the superhuman power which I must derive from it! And you do not know, either, all the resources which I have within myself—all that my will and my imagination enable me to under and my finagination enable me to under-take and to undertake successfully. Only think that my whole life-over since I was born, I might almost say-has tended toward the same aim, that I worked like a convict before becom-ing what I am and to realize, in its perfection, the type which I wished to create—which I have succeeded in cre-ating. That being so-what can you do? At that very moment when you think At that very moment when you think that victory lies within your grasp it will secape you—there will be something of which you have not thought—a triffe— a grain of rand which I shall have put

me." And, placing his hand on the boy's forehead, he repeated. "Once more youngster, give up. I should only hurr you. Who knows if the trap into which you will inevitably fall has not already opened under your footsteps?" Beautrelet uncovered his face. He was

n the right place unknown to you. In intreat you, give up—I should be obliged to hurt you, and the thought distresses

no longer crying. Had he heard Lupin's words? One might nave doubted it, judging by his inattentive air. For two or three minutes he was silent He seemed to weigh the decision which he was about to take, to examine the reasons for and against, to count up the

"If I change the sense of the article, if I confirm the version of your death and if I undertake never to contradict the false version which I shall have santioned, do you swear that my father will be free?"

"I swear it. My friends have take T swear it. My friends have taker your father by motor car to another provincial town. At 7 o'clock to-morrow morning, if the article in the Grand Journal is what I want it to be, I shall telephone to them and they will restore your father to liberty."

"Very-well," said Beautrelet. "I sub-

mit to your conditions."

Quickly, as though he saw no object to prolonging the conversation after acthe sound of the door closing and mut

Toor little beggar!"

At 8 o'clock the next morning I sen my man out to buy the Grand Journal It was twenty minutes before he brough me a copy, most of the klosks being already sold out.

I unfolded the paper with feverish hands. Beautrelet's article appeared on the front page. I give it as it stood and as it was quoted in the press of the whole world.

The Ambrumesy Mystery.

I do not intend in these few sentences o set out in detail the mental processe nd the investigations that have enabled me to reconstruct the tragedy I should say the twofold tragety—or Ambrumesy. In my opinion this sort of work and the judgments which it entails deductions, inductions analyses and so on, are only interesting in a minor degree and, in any case, are highly commonplace. No, I shall content myself with setting forth the two ting them forth and in solving the two problems which they raise, I shall have told the story just as it happened in the exact order of the different incl-

Arabia death comes on a black camel, according to belief. So the lines are when the such to roll up its curtain.

Our reasons for "doing good" are bout to roll up its curtain.

Our reasons for "doing good" are bout to roll up its curtain.

Our reasons for "doing good" are bout to roll up its curtain.

Our reasons for "doing good" are to open on a life to personal inconvenience to do grow and bis, philosophy. And you find you for the sum of the philosophy. And you find you for the sum of the philosophy. And you find you for the sum of the philosophy. And you find you for good's sake. We need to get twen the lides of reward either and no reward.

in the morning, Arsene Lupin, surprised in the middle of one of his most daring

He drags himself painfully along, falls again and picks himself up in the desperate hope of reaching the chapel. The by chapel contains a crypt, the existence of which he has discovered by accident. If he can burrow there he may be saved. By dint of an effort he approaches it; cound found of footsteps approaches. Har-ful list assed and lost, he lets himself so. The onemy arrives. It is Mile. Raymonde de

Saint-Veran.

This is the prologue, or father the first scene of the drama.

What happened between them? This is the caster to guess inasmuch as the sequel of the adventure gives us all the necessary class. At the girls feet the necessary clues. At the girl's feet lies a wounded man, exhausted by suf-fering, who will be captured in two minutes. This man has been wounded by herself. Will she also give him up? If he is Jean Davai's murders, es, she will let destiny take its course.

But in quick sentences he tells her the truth about this awful murder com-mitted by her uncle, M. de Gesvres. She believes him. What will she do? Nobody can see them. The footman Victor is watching the little door. The other, Albert, posted at the drawing-room window, has lost sight of both of them. Will she give up the man she has

wounded? The girl is carried away by a move-ment of irresistible pity, which any woman will understand. Instructed by

walks away. Albert arrives. walks away. Albert arrives.

If the chapel had been visited at they moment or at least during the next few minutes, before Lupin had had time to receiver his strength, to raise the flagstone and disappear by the stairs leading to the crypt, he would have been taken. But this visit did not take place will be been taken. taken. But this visit did not take plact until six hours later and then only in the most soperficial way. As it is, Lupin is saved; and saved by whom? By the girl who very nearly killed him. Thenceforth, whether she wishes it or no. Mile. de Saint-Veran is his accomplice. Not only is she no longer able to give him up, but she is obliged to continue her work, else the wounded man will perish in the shelter in which she has helped to conceal him. Therefore she continues.

For that matter, if her feminine instinct makes the task a compulsory one.

For that matter, if her feminine instinct makes the task a compulsory one, it also makes it easy. She is full of artifice, she foresees and forestalls everything. It is she who gives the examining masistrate a false description of Arsene Lupin (the reader will remember the difference of opinion on this subject between the cousins). It is she obviously who, thanks to certain signs which I do not know of, suspects an accompilee of Lupin's in the driver of the fly. She warms him. She informs him of the urgent need of an operation, it is she, no doubt, who substitutes one cap for the other. It is she who causes the famous letter to be written in which she is personally threatened. How, after that, is it possible to suspect her?

It is she who at that moment when

It is she who at that moment when I was about to confide my first im-reasions to the examining magnetrate pretends to have seen me the day be-fore in the copsewood, alarms M. Fil-eul on my sore and reduces me to eul on my score and reduces me to dience: a dangerous move, no doubt, because it arouses my attention and directs it against the person who as-sails me with an accusation which I thiow to be false; but an efficacious move because the most important thing of all is to gain time and close my

lips.

Lastly, it is she who during forty days feeds Lupin, brings him his medicine the chemist at Ouville will produce the prescriptions which he made tile de Saint-Verani, nurses him, resses his wound, watches over him

ind cures him.

Here we have the first of our two problems solved at the same time that the Ambrunesy mystery is set forther than the Ambrunesy mystery is set forther than the finance which was indispensable to him in order, first, not to be discovered, and, secondly, to live.

He now lives. And we come to the second problem, corresponding with the

second problem, corresponding with the second Ambrunesy mystery, the study of which served me as a conducting me-dium. Why does Lupin, slive, free, at the head of his cans, omnipotent, as before-why does Lupin make desperate ef-forts, efforts with which I am con-stantly coming into collision to force the den of his death upon the police and the We must remember that Mile, de

Saint-Veran was a very pretty girl. The photographs reproduced in the papers af-ter her disappearance give but an imnerfect notion of her beauty. That fol-laws which was bound to follow. Lupin. Seing this lovely girl daily for five or

deing this lovely girl daily for five or six weeks, longing for her presence when she is not there, subjected to her charm and grace when she is there, inhaling the sool perfume of her breath when she bends over him; Lupin becomes enamored of his nurse. Gratitude turns to love, admiration to passion. She is his suivation, but she is also the joy of his sives, the dream of his lonely hours, his light, his hope, his very life.

He respects her sufficiently not to take advantage of the girl's devotten and not to make use of her to direct his confederates. There is, in fact, a certain lack of decision apparent in the acts of the gang. But he loves her also, his scruples weaken and, as Mile de Saint-Veran refuses to be touched by a love that offends her, as she relaxes her visits when they become less. laxes her visits when they become less necessary, as she ceases them entirely on the day when he is cured—desperate, maddened by grief, he takes a ter-rible resolve. He leaves his lair, pre-pares his stroke and, on Saturday, the 6th of June, assisted by his accom-

am sure to discover the crypt, And, as the crypt will be empty, the whole

The crypt stull not be empty.

(To be Continued.)